

[Folklore of Stagehands]

Duplicate

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM B Personal History of Informant

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth

ADDRESS 47 West 69 Street

DATE February 24, 1939

SUBJECT Folklore of Stage Hands

1. Ancestry

2. Place and date of birth

February 23rd

3. Family

[Backstage at the Adolphi Theatre?]

4. Places lived in, with dates

No names mentioned

Library of Congress

5. Education, with dates
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates
7. Special skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities
9. Description of informant
10. Other Points gained in interview

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth

ADDRESS 47 West 69 Street

DATE February 24, 1939

SUBJECT Folklore of Stage Hands

"Hey, Matt. What ya think about yer brotherly love now. What! Ya aint heard? They give Elmer's brother in law one in the can at the lodge. Sure—they kicked him right out on his...An' him a member of the lodge for twenty years. Last meetin' he gets up to make a speech about how he's strapped for dough on accounta the depression. An' kin you figger it out? They says, "No dues, no lodge". An' him a brother for twenty years. Ya know what?

Library of Congress

In another five years he's a honry member; a free ticket. So I sez to Elmer. What ya think about that brotherly love crap now? It's like I always say. In this world ya gotta take care a your own love. All them things is a racket. Me! [Ony?] the Catlic Church for bein' on the level. Sure. Ya gotta have fate in the church. Like I says, what's in it for them? Figger it out.

It's like that guy over there he's get a sepration from the wife. Yah. Ah' he got a kid, too. So the court makes him kick in the dough for a bond. Then, if he dont pay the missus a certain amount every week, the court kin take the seven bucks outta the bond. What they thing a guy is, a millionaire? Like I was readin' in the paper. That [any?] one guy outta ten hangs on ta five huned bucks so's he's got it all together. Kin ya believe that? But it's true. Ya know how it goes. Ya save a up a couple bucks. So ya got somepun else. But when iya got the 500? Ony one outta ten.

2

Hey, Red. Leave the dancer alone. Dont ya see you're marked lousy. What a dog life you're gonna lead from now on.

O.K. So you're beefin'. If the hours are too long, wyn't ya have a union. Or be a clerk. Koik! give him a piece a paper an' a pencil so' he's a clerk. So when 4:30 comes, he's gotta go home. Ya think ya helpin' us here. All you do's get mixed up in that Spaghetti (electric wire) up to your neck. Now, Koik. He believes all that crap about the show goin' on. Don' get him wrong. He just was raised on that stuff.

Oh Kelly wid the big fat belly. It's all goin' down in the book. Ya betta not say nothin'. Ya know—take it up from the short line and then come down altogether. Ya betta talk stage talk to her. Then maybe she dont know what's all about.

Say, Elmer, Kelly can't hannel all the Spaghetti hiself. Ya betta take a look downstairs an get a coupla guys to help out. I'm gonna drop a line to it an' heat it up on the short. That's an awful heavy pull, Fred. What ya got, Matt? What ya holding? Oh, it's ole butter tub Joe

Library of Congress

with the dancer. What's going on down there. An' I'm stuck up here. Hey Matt. Get Joe to go fifty fifty or I'll rub him out.

Christ! Aint there no end. There's a million yards of that Spaghetti comin, up. Oh! I love that. Okay, Frankie. Tis those trays dead down there and leave the pipe line free. Wyn't ya give yourself up. Now start feedin' your second boom up. Heavy on the juice now. An' see if there's sonepun else down stairs but grips. (man who move flat sets about)

Here's Jake. Don't climb the stairs. Ya gotta come up on the ladder. An' bring up some extra line to drag up this cable. The sunofabitch. That brace aint long enough. Elmer: What the hell did ya tie that god damn wire off here. You'll be surprised what'll happen when we get through with that sorewin'. Yah.

3

Ya heard me. I need a piece a pipe, a half by five. Cherry it up to me, willya?